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[Our metaphysical correspondent informs us in a note, somewhat obscurely expressed in the phraseology of the ancient astrologists, that he does not aspire to overturn any existing theories, or in any way to agitate the world, by the promulgation of the doctrines advocated in this article. On the contrary, he is only desirous of wafting the attention of our readers over a few pages of neither rigorous nor dogmatical, but easy and pleasant speculation.—EDITORS.]

AN ELD THEORY.

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“Ill digestion has so conglomerated plethoric humours in the brains of men, that they are no longer the legitimate children of Adam, but misbegotten by disease on life—all being is a living death, and thought a hurtful vapour of decay.”—BURTON.

“There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

—
WE have two natures, the spiritual, or imaginative, and the material, or reasoning. Imagination, the soul, our heritage of the skies! Reason, the result of organization, our heritage of earth. Both are included under the general term, mind. The other forms of life have but one of these natures in common with us—the material or reasoning. That is, all those results of life, in these forms, which we call instincts, and which should be called reason, are the mere and necessary effects of material organization; necessary, because nature permits no existence without a provision for the preservation and perfection of that existence; and this provision, which is graduated on the scale of complexity and delicacy of organization, is precisely adapted for the wants of each

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particular form of life. This gradation, though the principle be the same through the whole scale, produces yet a variety of effect great as the differences in the organic necessities of the Plant, the Bee, the Nautilus, or the Monkey. An old writer expresses our idea quaintly.

"In the zodiac hid,
Somewhere in the order of its starry
Angles, there is for every law a mystic
Numeral—its powerful cube—holding
The simple essence of its strength—which, when
The necromancer has found out, he can
Unlock weird secrets. Such a one whilom
A fairy stole and gave the bees to build
Their cells by; and they're always thieving them,
These curious little Folk, to furnish out
The Nautilus for its voyage, or hang
The spider's hammock out on high."

This powerful cube, holding the simple essence of each law of life, is reason—the full precise amount necessary to the entire perfection of the ends of each particular form of being—as the bee, instructed by necessity and experience, discovered a mathematical law, and perfected the form and arrangement of its cells. Though the arriving at this principle is the utmost development of the mathematical power necessary to the organic wants of the bee, yet there is a power of adapting this principle to the slightly varying shades of circumstance, which is not carried to its fixed point; nor will it ever be so long as circumstances continue to vary, and the existence of this power of adaptation at once takes the volition of the insect from under the control of instinct, which, if it mean anything, is an unvarying impulse. In this idea of the cube, and that of the curious little Folk robbing the zodiac of its mysteries to furnish out their pets, the nautilus, &c., we have a rich result of the primeval marriage of Imagination to Astrology, the then embodiment of science, and to the exquisite fictions of Pantheism,

"A beautiful, though erring faith, is't not,
Which populates the brute insensate earth
With beamy shapes, the ministers of love,
And quaintest humours."

And, as I take it, most solid proof that Milton was right when he said—

" 'Tis not fabulous, what the sage poets
Storyed of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles,
Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

That is, these things were not altogether fabulous, but that high and serious truths were thus enchantingly blended with these gay fictions to make philosophy indeed

" Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets."

But to return : reason, then we say, is the mere and necessary effect of organization. To commence the process of comparison and deduction, called reasoning, there must be something in the mind to compare—this something must, of course, be composed of images formed upon the sensorium, or retina of consciousness, through the senses. These images, taken up by the reason, carried by it through the process of deduction, communicate the impulse to volition, which results in the effects we witness and improperly call instincts. These effects are circumscribed, because the power of the senses is circumscribed ; its vivacity, and sensibility to the impression of images being widely extended, or simple just in the ratio of the place in the scale of being the animal is to occupy ; and, whatever be the grade of this susceptibility, it is precisely sufficient for the absolute perfection of that particular form of life, and this perfection we see to have been actually arrived at through all nature.

The everlasting question : If animals have reason why are they not advancing ? is here answered. They have already advanced to the limit of perfectibility assigned them by their organization. The probability is they had already arrived at this point when man was created, and that the steps of progression had already been passed through. For the inspired historian leaves it a matter of doubt what length of time was intended to be understood in the days of creation. And even leaving this view out, the process was so simple, so immediately the result of the necessities and organization of the animal, as not to be appreciable to Adam, amidst the crowded and dizzying splendours of a new

existence. Our conclusion then is, that reason is the result of organization—and like caution and, the love of life, is a necessary provision for the preservation and perfection of that organization; and being the impulse of volition, through it carries each form to the consummation of its creative intention. The question, whether man's physical nature has been perfected, requires to be looked at separately. The analogies of the other existences do not apply perfectly to man in this one particular, because his is a compound, and theirs a simple being, and the action of one element of his nature to some degree confuses the clear action of the other; but, nevertheless, there can be no doubt the law is perfectly sustained so far as it is argued to apply; that is, simply to the physical man; and, that in the times before the flood,

“When the Lion was young,
In the pride of his might,
Then 'twas sport for the strong
To embrace him in fight;
To go forth, with a pine
For a spear, 'gainst the Mammoth;
Or strike through the ravine
At the foaming Behemoth:
While man was in stature,
As towers in our time,
The first born of nature,
And like her sublime;

reason did accomplish for him what it has accomplished for every other animal, his physical perfection. We see at this period, for several long generations, he lived comparatively without disease and died without pain. That he should be diseased now—that a myriad throng of agonies, gnashing and fierce as gaunt mountain wolves, should howl about his track, is owing not to the failure of this law we contend for as existing, but to the fact that there is another and higher element than reason combined with it in his case; and that so soon as the exquisite balance between the opposite principles, Spiritual and Material, was destroyed by the curse following upon the sin of Adam; they were doomed to eternal restless conflict, which resulted in the gradual deterioration and decay we witness now. Reason, then, is in man, too, the result of organization, and is harmoniously adapted for the perfec-

tion and consummation of all his relations to matter or this world. The natural wants of the animal are very few and simple—his moral and social relations axiomatic; but these artificial wants which heap the huge pile of cities on the bosom of the groaning earth, are the disease of mighty and immortal strength, which, in the Grecian allegory, Pelion on Ossa piled, that it might scale the Heavens to slake its thirsty fever at the fountains of Eternity; and now in the majestic pride of baffled power would build Elysium here on earth, and deify the shadow of itself in temples. This is Imagination shocked from its balance by the thunder of the curse lashing in its material prison.

The general power of Reason in man is incomparably superior to that of brutes, but in some of its particular powers it is inferior; just as in all the higher animals, each one has some particular sense, as hearing, seeing, smelling, &c. very far superior to man. The cause of man's superiority is in the general and equal perfection of his organization—the just poise and symmetry of every sense which makes their excellence greatly over average the rest of animal life, and of course the powers of the faculty resulting from all this equally overshadowing. Reason dies with the animal; for this earth and the joys of sense are paradisiacal enough for its less elevated nature. We are taught this at the lower end of the scale by a whole process, perfectly analogous to our conception of death and resurrection, carried out under our eyes. The green and flower-pied earth we tread becomes the heaven of joys and sweets to the gross, hairy worm, when after a suspension of consciousness in the chrysalis like death, it wakes winged in the broad sunshine. Reason dies, too, with man's physical nature; at its dissolution the effect ceases—its end has been accomplished. Its mission was to lead on the vital forces in the battle against decay; but the conqueror has been conquered and is not! and out of its cold earthy prison there springs forth pinioned and free that other element I spoke of; and now the universe is its own! That man has this spiritual nature we prove by Revelation, Consciousness, Phenomena of Dreams, &c.; and in addition to these what we shall treat of more particularly, namely, the analogies of the whole chain of being from the

atom to the elephant or ourang-outang. Nature has no abrupt gradations. *Facile Decensus* is the law, so far as we can trace it, from the Godhead down to man, and certainly from man down to the atom. To begin at the atom and trace the law of gradation up to man, furnishes the most complete train of analogical argumentation the mind is capable of realizing. The microscopic observation of Physical Philosophy through atomic existences up to sensible ones, has traced a perfect chain of life, with an individual standing between the extremes of each species, partaking of the character of both. When we arrive at the sensible, no ordinary thinker, who has walked with his eyes open, can have failed being astonished at the perfect symmetry of this gradation. Who has not seen in the Sensitive Plant, the first faint stir as in a dream before awaking, of the great active principle of life, which slumbers so profoundly passive in the mountain and the forest; and then in the (*dionae muscipula*) Fly-catcher Plant, the smiling play of an odd conceit across the features of the half aroused sleeper; and then the full waking in the Hydra Polypus, this strange creature, forming the link between vegetable and animal life, sharing the character of both, capable of dissection into a thousand fragments, yet reproducing from each a perfect polypus: and the Humming Bird, the link between Insects and Birds, agreeing with the larger species of moths in the character and manner of taking—(on the wing)—its principal food; though it cannot live long upon nectar alone, but as a bird must have insects occasionally or it will die; and then the feather which in the moths has been becoming gradually more perceptible to the naked eye in this bright creature is splendidly perfected. How beautifully the waves glide into each other in this calm harmony of being! Then at the other end of the scale of birds we have the Ostrich and the Penguin, with wings incapable of flight; and then the Bat, the link between birds and animals; and what is still more curious, an animal in New Holland with the horny bill of the duck and body of the hair seal. We have not time for more particular enumeration. We will go on up to the monkey, the ourang-outang, the man; the intermediate grades are filled up in the manner we have shown. And here we lay it down as a proposition of physics: that

through the whole chain of being, whether what is called animate or inanimate, there is yet this connecting link between every change not only of class, but of order, genus and species—that the individual intermediate in this change possesses a double nature, embracing in a less degree the characteristics of the class, order, &c. left, and in a greater those of that entered upon—that this chain of progression is unbroken from the atom up to man! Taking for granted of course the proposition of Spiritual Existences, for the argument that there are none such is not worth answering,—the irresistible inference from all this linked analogy is—that man being the perfection and last gradation of material existence forms the link between it and the spiritual; being the individual intermediate possesses a double nature, embracing in a less degree the characteristics of the class left, and in a greater those of that entered upon: that the two elements of this double nature are the material or reasoning, which we have shown he possesses in common with other forms of animal life; and the Spiritual or Imaginative, which we will show he possesses in common with angelic beings. Why, even a coarse-grained Russian could not resist this conclusion, and with the vigour of the rude north finely expresses the idea:

I hold the middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the Spirit-land:
The chain of being is complete in me,
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is Spirit—Deity.

This chain of being is the Jacob's ladder of the allegory, the rounds of which from "principalities and powers in Heavenly places," through all the orders of spiritual intelligences, lead down to man, resting with him, the link between earth and heaven. We have a perfect and just right to the argument, that the next step is pure spirit, unalloyed with matter—angelic being—and that there are grades and orders of this being swelling sublimely up to the infinite. Before the discovery of the microscope, the world of the dew drop—the atomic legions 'from the low herb where mites do crawl,' to the myriads of 'far spoo-

ming ocean,' and the wide air, were all as far beyond the apprehension of our senses as these spiritual existences now are. Yet the most patient investigation has gone to show that the analogies of higher existences hold good in these, and science does not hesitate in the application of these analogies to them. Why should they hold good at one end of the scale and not at the other? Is it because we cannot see, taste, smell, or handle thought and spiritual existences; neither can we do all this with the atom; its very being is only arrived at through imperfect instruments; while the existence of spirit and thought is proven by our consciousness, than which there can be no higher evidence. Yet no man in his senses pretends to deny atomic existences because he cannot see them—nor the application of the laws of life which he can see in sensible existences to them; nor would any such man deny the same application at the other end of the scale to spiritual, especially, since he has higher order of proof independent of revelation that they are! Well then in this Eld Theory, imagination, or the creative power, has always been the term for this spiritual, angelic portion of our nature. We are not accountable for the corruptions and misuse of this term. This is its Eld and proper use, 'since mind at first in characters was done.' Imagination is the shadow of Deity. God made man in his own image—this cannot mean that he made him materially in his own image, for we can conceive no material image of a spiritual existence; but that he formed him spiritually in the same kind after his own attributes—though far removed as a shadow from the substance, yet the shadow is like. To the extent he has chosen to reveal these attributes, we find imagination in its own narrow sphere, to possess them—there being the same analogical agreement as between the atomic reasoner and the man—how much more infinitely high his attributes may be we cannot know; his revelation of himself to us, has only been proportioned to our powers of conception. Imagination then in common with Deity, possesses the creative power. Deity created a universe with blazing suns and worlds for atoms. His omnipresence pervades it; his wisdom rules it all; and to his foreknowledge, time is not! Imagination, out of the elements of material imagery, bodies forth creations of its own, peo-

pling that universe with the reflex glories of its atom orb—and through its omnipresence tracks, with them, illimitable space, to meet the seraphim front to front, and dare an argument of mysteries. It is wise too in its way—for out of the deep sea it has dragged its secrets; out of the cavernous earth its gem-fires; down from the cragged hurrying clouds, the majestic impulse they obey; and in the pale eye of stars read all they had to tell of laws. It, too, with aspiration in its wings, has cleft the black-lined horizon of Now, and felt the Future shiver in cold prophetic beaming on its plumes. Though each of these two natures in man, is a unit capable of separate existence, yet the imagination is only *apparent* through the material, as electricity through the atmosphere, which conveys to us the flash and sound. We do not argue that electricity is a property of atmosphere, because we only hear and see it through this medium; nor do we argue that electricity is not, because it is not always apparent. We know it to be above us and around us, nevertheless, and gentle and familiar as the airs of home; but if we should forget! then, shaken with grandeur through the last quivering fibre, we are reminded that it is. Though it sleeps now 'with silence, in its old couch of space and airy cradle:' yet its articulations are all of the sublime, and the awed earth, and the reverberating heavens rock beneath its stunning shout, when it answers the far spheres in laughter. As electricity to nature, so imagination to man's material or reasoning part. It is not always apparent to his drowsy consciousness; yet it always is, subtle and silent, refining his coarse passions or making them more terrible; and its articulations, too, are all of the sublime; and when the gathering nations, with rapture on their multitudinous tongues, swell the huzza to glorious deeds, you may know that it has leaped from its 'dumb cradle.' All that is grand, magnificent, sublime, the Past has to tell—the Future has to hope;—Imagination wrought or must create. The Chieftain, the Architect, the Sculptor, the Painter, the Poet, are her slaves—and at her bidding the world is showered with splendours. In a word, Imagination is the soul, and in another number we propose to trace its history in the Poet.

CHALDEUS.

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

It is not the intention of the writer of this article to institute a metaphysical investigation of the doctrine of association of ideas; for it has been very thoroughly developed by Locke. Nor is it his intention to announce any new theory whatever, with regard to it; for he has none to announce. It is simply his purpose to state a very common and very pernicious effect of this faculty, and to warn by stating it. His remarks, therefore, will be of a didactic, rather than of a philosophical character.

That connexion which exists between the ideas of an individual mind, so that one has the power to call up or introduce another, is fundamental and essential. We are told that without it, no thought could ever be reproduced in the mind, either spontaneously or by a voluntary effort: in other words, that memory would be annihilated. If memory be annihilated, the mind must continually repeat its operations and cease to progress—condemned, like Sisyphus, to eternal and ever-recurring toils over the same ground. What it would gain in one moment, it would lose in the next. An obstacle, though surmounted, would still be formidable.

We are told furthermore, that one idea has not only a tendency to introduce another, but several others. A single thought may not only be, but generally is, the centre of innumerable radiating trains of associations, each of which claims the attention, and which together tend to distract it. The danger therefore, to which the mind is exposed by this principle, however essential, of association of ideas, is obvious. At every step in any investigation—at every stage in any course of reasoning—the mind is beset by the thousand dormant and irrelevant conceptions which waylay its path, and spring up, like apparitions, on every side around it—startling, diverting, impeding it. Hence the great difficulty of fixing the attention. Hence the danger of forgetting the object of one's journey amidst a multiplicity of new attractions, or of being bewildered by a multiplicity of roads. The danger ceases only when the wayfarer after truth has become experienced, calm, sagacious, guarded. But the youthful enquirer has seldom

attained a habitual discipline of this kind. He should therefore be always on the alert. He should make it a point, always, first to place distinctly before his mind the object of his search, and then by a vigorous, self-possessed, determined effort, to aim *right at it*.

Practice will endow the huntsman with skill in the use of his weapon, only when he has employed it on definite objects. He could not become an accurate marksman by shooting at random into the air; nor a very successful one, by discharging his instrument vaguely into the forest. The successful thinker has acquired the habit of bringing his mind to bear pointedly on his subject, and of holding it firmly and steadily upon it, until his end is accomplished. It is not enough, however, that the subject should be kept *only* before the mind: but while it *is* before it, it should be vigorously attacked, and actively discussed. A machine is not analysed simply by being constantly looked upon; nor an edifice constructed solely by keeping the eye fixed on the materials which are to enter into the structure.

Frequent indulgence of the mind in wanton excursions, to which it is pre-disposed by the strength of associations, results in the frequent indulgence and love of revery. Eventually, even when it sets out with a definite purpose, the force of habitual irregularity in its operations will curse it with perplexity. And if there be one habit which more than another, is destructive of mental efficacy, it *is* the habit of revery. He who is under the perfect dominion of this habit, whatever may be his natural strength, is yet as a little child. Every idea which enters into his mind rises up as an enemy against him. His knowledge serves but to confuse him. He becomes a prey to the very vivacity and fecundity of his own intellect, whose operations become wild, lawless and inconclusive. By way of illustrating the tendencies of a mind in this state, we will suppose the following—perhaps a somewhat exaggerated—case. The *reverist* sits down to consider a particular passage in the *Iliad*—its beauties or deformities, the grace or clumsiness of expression, the consistency or incongruity of the images. He first reads it over, and perhaps reflects generally that it *is* beautiful. But Pope's translation occurs to him: he wonders if it is equal to the original. This leads him to think of the translator's literary character, which introduces

the remarks of Johnson in his life of the Poet. The transition is now easy to the biographer himself, and thence to *his* biographer, Boswell! Homer and Boswell! And the reverist rises perhaps meditating on Macaulay's strictures on the character of this much-abused man. A habit such as we have attempted to describe, renders every subject a phantom, elusive of the grasp, and stamps the mind with the character of indecision. It pursues him on whom it has fixed into all the occupations of life. He is unable to rid himself of it, except when urged by some powerful incentive; and he loses what is equally essential to success in physical and intellectual encounters—the power of self-command.

Men of lively imaginations, especially, are liable to be injured by the abuse of the faculty of association of ideas. Their imaginations, like spirited steeds, if held to the proper direction, will assist them in the easy and rapid accomplishment of their journeys; but take advantage of an unguarded moment and bound off with them in a wild and wayward career. And the mind, at each repetition of unbridled license, becomes more and more unmanageable—exhausting its strength even by the vigour of capricious exertions.

The natural consequence of the abuse in question being to render the mental operations inconclusive, the mind soon becomes distrustful of its own powers, timid, and inclined to shrink from whatever seems difficult: defers investigation and becomes the victim of indefinite procrastination. It begins to love air-castles, which, though very beautiful and agreeable edifices, are certainly very untenable and unprofitable ones. They are made of unsubstantial materials, but draw on the resources of the mind, which are also unsubstantial. Mental vigour should be husbanded up for nobler purposes.

Intellectual energy depends in a great measure on the passions, in which reside the power of both physical and intellectual exertion; but they may be frittered away on imaginary as well as on real objects. They should be drilled into obedience to reason and made subsidiary to selected and useful ends. If kept in due subjection, they assist reason and obey her call; but permitted to increase to undue proportions, they become in their strength giant

rebels and dethrone her. So, slight undulations in the sea may assist in the propulsion of the vessel ; but when the storm comes, the waves rise up and overwhelm her.

All the passions of our nature and all the faculties of the mind were alike bestowed upon us by the Creator for beneficial purposes ; but both become hurtful in their abuse. It was necessary that men should be, in a technical sense, *destructive*, in order that they might defend themselves and provide the means of subsistence ; but *destructiveness*, exaggerated, leads to murder. It was also necessary that men should have acquisitiveness ; but acquisitiveness exaggerated leads to theft. It was necessary that the mind should be endowed with the faculty of association of ideas, that men might have memory, accumulate knowledge, and advance in moral and intellectual development. But the abuse of this faculty, as we have attempted to show, transforms it into a sleepless foe, haunting the brain ; invisible, but ever present ; unfelt, but dealing death-blows. For the crimes which flow from the dominion of our passions, we are responsible, because we have not educated them ; and in like manner we are accountable for the *talents* with which God may have intrusted us. In the end may we be found among the number of faithful servants.

MANFRED.

"NO MORE."

"These words," says Madame de Stael, "are the most exquisitely harmonious in the English language."

A child was born, as midnight's clang
Upon the heavy silence fell,
And 'round the chamber, voices rang,
More fearful than that solemn bell—
One only burden, sad they bore,

"No more! no more!"

The tears, on childhood's cheek, are dry,
For those who watched life's op'ning flower ;
And brightly gleams, in youth's glad eye,
The sunlight of hope's reigning hour—
Clouds come—change—parting—as before,
Life shines no more!

Bend yonder gentle bough aside,
 And look ye, where, in saddened grove,
 Lips, beautiful in scorn, deride
 The humble vow! The beam of love
 That gilded life's cold mountains o'er,
 Hath gold no more!

See when the world-worn man, alone,
 At tearful eve, from crowd and strife,
 Unto his silent hearth hath gone,
 And poiseth there the scales of life!
 The blossoms of the time of yore,
 Now bloom no more.

And to that thoughtful hour, he brings
 The memories of yearnings past—
 He hears Ambition's failing wings
 Receding, beat the distant blast—
 And, high the tempest's echo o'er,
 Still rings—"No more!"

Aye! gather up the hope, the joy,
 The love, the friendship, all that gave
 Green paths before him, to the boy,
 And sparkling crest to manhood's wave—
 While they, and all the bliss they bore,
 Return no more.

Go seek—ah no! why seek the wo,
 That feelings seared have always nigh?
 Go crop the bitter weeds, that grow
 Each blasted hope's cold dwelling by,
 And mark how sorrow's withered store
 Grows more and more!

Yet—though 'tis true the forms we love
 Cannot be, alway, by our side;
 And, as along the beach we rove,
 When ebbs and flows life's restless tide,
 We see glad barks, that leave the shore,
 Come back, no more.

Still, let us feel, that though awhile
 Sweet hours, sweet friends sail down the stream,
 There is a far, but joyous isle,
 Where turns to truth hope's wildest dream—
 When, meeting those who went before,
 We part no more.

Thus thought the failing, aged man,
 And dropp'd his staff, one autumn day—
 Joy flashed across his visage wan,
 As those old voices, now grown gay,
 This altered burden chaunted o'er—
 "Sorrow no more!"

S.

GEORGE BORROW AND THE GIPSIES.

ONE of the most remarkable men of the present century is George Borrow, author of the "Zincali" and the "Bible in Spain." He is a native of Norfolk, England, of humble parentage, and derives no honours from a long line of noble ancestors. We know nothing of his infancy, and but little of his youth. Many of his younger days were spent amongst prowling bands of gipsies, gratifying his "strangely fascinating desire" to understand this most singular race of beings. He resorted to their encampments for this noble amusement of the *mind*; he mingled with them, but was not one of them. The tall, erect, manly boy, with his thoughtful brow, was even then storing away, in a memory as vast, profound, and retentive of its treasures as the sea, the cabalistic jargon of the Rommany. With the race ground and the prize fight he was personally acquainted, an "unequalled rider" himself and in athletic exercises surpassed by few of his age. A description of "Gipsy Will and his gang," in the "Zincali," at a prize fight of the "terrible Thurtell's", at which he was present when only fourteen, is one of the most graphic etchings in the English language; it is bold, characteristic and rapid; we have, almost in an instant, the three living originals before us. They are perfect, and ready for the easel and the canvass.

Shortly after this he entered the University of Edinburgh. And during his college course, as an agreeable pastime, he made frequent excursions to the Highlands to study Gaelic thoroughly. He passed regularly through the prescribed studies of the university; took his degree, and went—no one knows where. His adventurous spirit did not suffer him to rest, but of his travels we know nothing.

When he appears next on the stage, as an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to distribute Bibles in Spain, though only turned of thirty, we hear him conversing—"every man in his own tongue in which he was born;" in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Dutch, German, Swedish, Irish, Gaelic, Welsh, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, ancient Scandinavian, Persian, Arabic, Russian, Polish, Sanscrit and the "crabbed Gitano."

The last of these, the Gipsy, their secret language, spoken amongst themselves, by all of them, under the hedge rows of England, among the mountain passes of the Sierra Morena in Spain, in their filth and degradation in Hungary, on the steppes of Russia, in Persia, in every place where gipsies are found, and so difficult of acquirement that it has been called the "crabbed Gitano," he has completely mastered. As evidence of which, though travelling with them by day and by night, eating, living, dwelling with them, in all quarters of Europe, and in Asia, he was never discovered. Wherever he met them they yielded implicit deference to his superior wisdom and acquirements, as to a superior personage—from across the big waters—of the same widely diffused race. He used them as missionaries and translators of the bible; and yet they neither knew nor cared who Christ was, or what were the sacred truths they were turning from Spanish into Gitano. They knew he surpassed them in wisdom, and they worked cheerfully, therefore, in forwarding what they supposed to be some profound and sagacious "business of Egypt" in which the Calés were to be benefitted, and deep curses to fall on the Busnee.

Mr. Borrow has by his extensive learning solved that great problem which has for four hundred years perplexed the learned men of Europe. The Gipsies are clearly not outcast exiles from Egypt, as many of themselves believe they are, and as has been the prevailing opinion of the learned. It cannot now be known when or by whom this forgery was first palmed upon the world. They have no reliable traditions, and all that can be learned of them accurately must be from their language, and from this it is evident, beyond a doubt, that they are wanderers from India.

With Gipsy caricatures we are all to some extent acquainted; but with the real Gipsy, as he is in his rags and filth, none are in this country who venture to say who have not read the "Zincali."

They are a wonderful people and their history is a wonderful history—their language perhaps more wonderful still. The body of their language—the naked chain and filling—is most clearly Sanscrit; perhaps a dialect of the Province of Malta. The origin of the race was assu-

redly then in India. But this simple "chain and filling" is interspersed with derivatives from the Persian and Russian tongues and from the language of Tartary. We therefore know that after leaving the "pleasant land of Ind," this rabble horde passed through, and tarried sometime in Persia, Circassia, Tartary and Russia, before they first appeared in Western Europe, which was in 1417.

The countries they visited in their course were "cursed with a curse" as though an army of locusts had settled down upon them "devouring every green thing." Terrible was the impression they made—most durable was the impression they received. Their language is a book of travels; they have no records, and they themselves now believe they are Egyptians; but the primitive words of their language are better than all records, and the materials which were afterwards interwoven with that language better than all maps of routes of travels.

The people themselves are a wonder; like the Jews they never change. For four hundred years they have remained unaltered, varying some in colour from the effects of climate, but in other physical characteristics the same: the same eye with its filmy stare, the same herculean proportions in the men and exquisite modelings of nature in the females. A gipsy of 1417 would be a gipsy in 1844. The men, horse jockies, thieves and pickpockets. The females, "house lifters" and dealers in the "bueno ventura." The whole race bound by indissoluble ties to each other and banded together to a man against the Busnee. A gipsy female is proverbially unchaste in word, gesture and action; she is a procuress, a dissolute songstress and a lascivious dancer; but in the mere matter of "corporeal chastity" surpassed by no females on the whole earth. And this is the "summum bopum" of her religion and morals.

The Jew, wherever he is found, worships still the only living and true God. The Gipsy worships none. He bows to the crescent in Stamboul and kneels to the cross in Seville. But he despises both in his heart. Of no other people on the face of the earth can it be said so truly, "They bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly." The Gipsy female as she deals the "bueno ventura" will promise every blessing—but bitter curses follow every prophecy in an under tone in Rommany; "Oh may the

blessing of Egypt, light on your head, you high-born lady ! (May an evil end overtake your body, daughter of a Busnee harlot !) And may the same blessing await the two fair roses of the Nile, here flowering by your side : (may evil Moors seize them and carry them across the waters !)ⁿ

Mr. Borrow conversed in Greek with his servant, a native Greek. He is so familiar with Hebrew that by Hebrews he has been taken for a Jew ; and is so well versed in Sanscrit that he compared a written vocabulary of the Zincali with this sacred language of India, and proved its oriental origin. With Spanish and other modern tongues he is almost as familiar as with his native Saxon. Such attainments, at such an age, and under such circumstances, have been made by very few modern men. When he left Scotland he left it a wild reckless adventurer. When we see him again it is as a Christian missionary. His bold spirit and his fearless contempt of danger have not left him. He is still keenly sagacious, full of energy and practical worldly wisdom. His love of liberty and universal freedom are still burning in his breast. But they have all been Christianized. The strong man has bowed to the cross, and his gift of tongues has been sanctified by the Spirit.

His wanderings in Portugal and Spain and his adventures in distributing the Bible are narrated in his last work with beautiful simplicity. He possesses the rare faculty of making everyday events deeply interesting, and of throwing a charm round occurrences which most men would pass over as indescribable or not worth relating.

He is now residing in a remote part of England in comparative obscurity. His head is prematurely grey and his athletic frame bronzed and weatherbeaten, but he is still ripe for adventure and is perhaps now devising some schemes as hazardous and full of stirring incidents as any he has yet passed through.

The Wolf.

A TROUBADOUR FABLIAU OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, LITERALLY
TRANSLATED.

Will you listen to a lay
Written in the ancient day,
By a Trouveur, bold and free,
Versed in song and minstrelsy ?
Hearken then, both high and low,
To a pleasant fabliau.

Well we know that woman's wile,
Can a passing hour beguile,
Better far than harp or lay,
Better e'en than wine or play ;
Well she knows, with subtle art,
How to win a lover's heart ;
For the firmest mind must still
Bow before a woman's will,
As the stoutest oaks at last
Bow before the whistling blast.
Thus it fared—I tell the truth—
With a wild and wayward youth ;
Whose sole pleasure and delight,
Was to while away the night
In rioting and ribandry,
In harping, or in minstrelsy ;
And little joy, I ween, he felt
Save where mirth and pleasure dwelt ;
He in foreign lands had been,
Many a fray and battle seen,
And when home returned at last
Loved to tell of wonders past ;
Yet was he so wild and rude
That the gentle and the good
Shunned him in his mildest mood.

Oft his aged sire would say,
" Wander not from virtue's way.
The longest path must bend and wind,
The swiftest steed soon lag behind ;
And he who runs a headlong course
At last meets sorrow and remorse.
Therefore son, I bid thee stay,
Wander not from virtue's way,
Ever since thy course begun
It has aye in riot run ;
Lead, I pray, a better life,

The Wolf.

Cease thy sins, and take a wife."
 "Take a wife!" the son would say,
 "By my faith! good father—nay,
 A single maid I'll never wed,
 Twelve fair dames *may* serve instead;
 Give twelve wives, Beau Sire, to me,
 Still and gentle then I'll be."

Ladies—blush not at my rhyme,
 This was in the olden time;
 When each gallant, bold and free,
 Acted oft *sans courtesie*;
 And were all, I well believe,
 Quick to love—and quick to leave.

"Son," the careful Father said,
 "Vows like thine are quickly made,
 But repentance follows fast,
 Care and grief must come at last;
 Wed *one* wife at first I pray!
 Take the rest another day."
 Straight replied the reckless son,
 "Yea, Beau Sire—I'll first take *one*;
 Seek me but a damsel fair,
 With azure eyes and golden hair;
 Bring the maid at once to me,
 Nothing more I'll ask of thee."

Scarce a week had he been wed,
 Ere the wond'ring neighbours said—
 "Oh what a wife; we always knew
 That she would prove an errant shrew,
 And see! how meek the man has grown,
 He scarce dare call his soul his own.
 Yes, it was true, the man so rude,
 Of such a wild and reckless mood;
 Beneath a scolding wife's control
 Seemed changed in body and in soul;
 And ere another week had flown
 The youth became so wo-begone,
 That all the people said that he
 Would die ere long, of misery.

About this time a wolf was ta'en
 Which long had roved o'er hill and plain.
 With hempen cord the brute was bound,
 And led in triumph through the town.
 The wondering neighbours came in haste
 To see the monarch of the waste.
 But soon debate ran loud and high
 As to what death the wolf should die,

One cried "we'd better hang the beast,"
Another, "no—let's burn at least!"
While others said "'twere better fun
To blind the brute and let him run."

While thus they stood in fierce debate
Upon the shaggy monster's fate,
And question loud, caused loud reply,
As to the death the beast should die,
The hero of our tale drew near
And straight received a welcome cheer;
While one, the spokesman of the rest,
To him their joint desire expressed:
"Thou, friend, in foreign lands hast been,
And many a fray and battle seen;
Canst *thou* suggest some cruel way
The shaggy monster here to slay!"

Our hero being thus addressed,
His palm with open finger pressed,
And from the crowd an instant stepped
With eye half closed—as one that slept,
Then, waking from his revery,
Spoke thus unto the standers by:
"Would you then find a cruel way
The shaggy monster here to slay?
Say—would you drive him mad with pain,
And fix a fever on his brain,
And make him feel the direst woes,
Ere he his wretched life shall close?
One way I know, and *only* one,
By which this thing can well be done;
This is the way—to vex his life
Go straight and wed him to a wife!"

THE "HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION."

Of M. Guizot, as a man we know little. We have read that he was a kind husband and father, a desirable friend, a protestant, and the prime minister of France; but it is not of his domestic, friendly, religious or political relations that we at present design speaking. Whatever remarks we make of M. Guizot, will be of the Philosopher of History, the author of the "History of Civilization."

Let any who have read the above mentioned work repress for a moment the smile at our presumption ; for we claim no fellowship with those wiseacre critics, who deal out anathemas by the wholesale, upon works from which (after the study of a lifetime) they would rise profoundly ignorant ; who vainly imagine an author's fate dependant upon the "wag of their pens," which they would doubtless have employed far more profitably had Nature but blest them with wings instead of hands.

We have read and re-read, and studied with much pleasure the "History of Civilization," and while we presume not to imagine that we have followed its author in all his windings, yet we flatter ourselves with having kept sufficiently near to admire the man, who, leaving the broad and easy road of error, has marked out a path abounding in beauty, and ever luring the traveller by the glorious harmony of truth commingling in all its forms till it presents the most perfect unity. But we selected the above title, not so much from the design of expressing our admiration of the "History of Civilization," as of borrowing therefrom some of our illustrations, without incurring the censure of those who with a significant shrug of the shoulders and an air of self-importance, might content themselves with the laconic, "have you read the History of Civilization?" Sorry to have deprived such geniuses of a feast, we proceed without further preliminaries to our essay.

"Man is the creature of circumstances"—"how great a matter a little fire kindleth," &c. belong to a popular class of proverbs, which are so abused, so distorted and extended in their application, that they afford the guise of truth to error, "sheep's clothing to wolves." Man has indeed not unfrequently had his destiny for time and eternity determined by the most trivial action, yea by a mere word or look, a "smile or a tear." Events, too, most unimportant in themselves, have often been attended by consequences which bear to them the same proportion which the tree, wherein the birds may come and build their nests, does to the mustard seed whence it sprung. But when we look beyond this and find the grand changes, the universal revolutions of the world, referred to mere accident—to

some isolated unimportant occurrence, we can but wonder that "trifles light as air" should thus convulse the world. But this is error—'tis error generally received. It is however to that, silent perhaps, though sure and onward movement of the public mind, that we must look for an explanation of those grand, moral, religious, political and military revolutions, which have, do, or may agitate the world. To that fermentation of feelings and opinions; which is the work, not of a moment, but of years; produced, not by accident, but resulting from thousands of events, which, though long since past and forgotten, have left impressions as indelible as the image which God stamped upon his creature, man. But an example or two will probably better illustrate our meaning.

Is it possible to read without surprise, that the most universal, strange, and tremendous outburst of public feeling, which the world has ever known, owes its origin entirely to the preaching of an ignorant monk. That all Europe, influenced by the sermons of a fanatic from the Holy Land, should have been induced to pour itself in one immense torrent upon Asia. True, the appearance of Peter the Hermit was sufficiently grotesque, with his unshorn hair, unshorn beard, and emaciated form, to convince the *most* ignorant, of that age of ignorance, that he conversed with beings of another world. But we scarce believe that his unearthly voice could have aroused all Europe. M. Guizot gives a more general, more adequate, more satisfactory reason; he refers us to the condition of society, the state of the public mind at the end of the eleventh century, as the true causes of the crusades. The elements of civilization were all in existence, but held no intercourse with each other—they stood alone, distinct, isolated. Nothing general, everything local; and the state of thought and feeling were in keeping with the condition of society—never was the mind so contracted, and consequently never did selfishness hold broader sway. The same line which marked off the limits of his lord's domain formed the "horizon" of the serf's ideas. He had scarce a thought beyond the castle of his lord. Man had long groaned over his mental bondage; numberless attempts had been made to widen the range of thought; but its very thralldom prevented the arrangement of means whereby it might be released: that very contractedness of mind and

selfishness of feeling which existed, forbade those mutual concessions and sacrifices which were requisite for uniting these jarring elements. The mind had frequently wandered forth, but, like Noah's dove, as frequently returned, wearied and despairing of a resting place amid such universal confusion.

Such, connected with a strong religious feeling, are the immediate causes of the crusades. If we would know the more remote, we must join the hordes of barbarians in the desolating marches of the fifth century—observe the overthrow of Roman society—the commingling of its fragments with savage manners and independence; and the resurrection of the elements of civilization from "chaos;" and, searching out the numberless smaller events connected with these more prominent and important, trace the influence of the whole upon the mind. Having accomplished this we are ready to make our acknowledgments to the hermit—that second Moses who pointed all Europe to the Holy Land. Such is the part he played, and for it he has received *due* applause.

As the crusades released the mind from the inner cell, so, a few centuries later, the Reformation burst the outer door of the prison. We have read that Peter, the Hermit, was the sole cause of the former, and Luther of the latter; but turning to Guizot, he again points from particular causes—the sale of indulgences, the jealousies of sects, the conversion of Luther, &c., to the far more general and rational cause, the march of mind. Why were not the numberless attempts at reformation, made previous to Luther's time, successful? The public mind was not ripe for the change. Yes, if we would know its true causes we must look far beyond the eye of Luther; observe the changes constantly occurring in society, the events connected with them, and the influence of the whole upon the mind in its continued progressive motion. In all these we must find the causes of that enlargement and independence of thought, which at length led men to know their rights, and "knowing to maintain."

At the period of the Reformation, not only Luther, but all Christendom, grieved that "having eyes it saw not, ears yet heard not, hearts yet dared not understand." Men resolved that they would not longer take on trust, things connected with their eternal weal or woe: it was

even whispered abroad that it must be a strange heaven which gold could purchase; and wisely inferred that the God whom a Pope would represent must prove a Mammon. The same small voice which Luther heard in his cell, was whispering to Christendom; at length Luther spoke, and Europe echoed to the sound, he struck the spark, and Europe fanned the flame. The court of Rome grew pale, and superstition fled. But while we attribute the victory to the general march of mind, we admire and honour the boldness of him who first dared to plant the standard of Reformation upon the walls of the enemy.

Let us select one illustration of a more military character; which, though it be not exactly to the point, will perhaps serve to illustrate the influence of general above particular causes. If we enquire the cause of those wars, which kept all Europe in an uproar for seven years; we are told of the breach of faith on the part of Frederick, and the consequent resentment of Maria Theresa. Now this in the main is true; it is probable, yea, certain, that if that strange compound who went about with "verses in one pocket and opium in the other," had never been known, such wars would never have taken place; but they likewise appear equally dependent upon more general causes. Had there not existed a watch word, at which the sword of all Europe leaped from its scabbard; had there not been a certain something called the "Balance of power" to madden the nations; had not the jealousies of those most powerful, and even rival nations, France and England, and a thousand other equally important circumstances have existed, those wars and their effects must at least have assumed a far different character.

But we leave this for another, a better, and a last example, which is selected, not because we are at present burning with a particularly patriotic fever, or wishing to make a burst of eloquence upon the "stripes and stars of seventy-six;" but because it is familiar and immediately to the point. It is not difficult to conceive that we allude to the American Revolution; the most general cause which is usually assigned, being the change made by the British government from external to internal taxation; and many wishing to be more precise attribute it solely to the Stamp Act, Treason Act, Port Bill, &c., &c. Even

the greater part of England's most distinguished statesmen of those days appear unable to see through their national prejudices and discern the real cause. True, the comprehensive and liberal mind of a Pitt which rose superior to prejudice could take in at a glance, causes and results. A Burke, too, in his prophetic vision saw and foretold the consequences. These together with other few saw that this germ of freedom which the little Plymouth band carried with them and planted in the rough New England soil, had now fixed its roots and spread its branches over the length and breadth of the land, and that the very oppression which would have uprooted did but loosen the soil and strengthen its growth. They saw that the little flame which had been kindled in the first Congress, and which each of the fifty-one had carried home a spark, was spreading like wild-fire, and could not be extinguished by the blood of all England. Doubtless thousands of causes, some greater, some less important, may be found influencing, modifying, hastening, the Revolution; but it is in this general onward march of mind and feelings that we discern *the* cause.

The same error is generally committed, and the same principle holds good respecting nearly all those great general revolutions of which history speaks. It is easy and we are apt to rest contented with assigning the last event which produces the outburst as the sole cause; they do indeed play a most important part, they are the last drops which produce the overflow. The changes which are effected by the sovereign will in despotic governments appear to form an exception, but they are not perhaps of that general character which brings them under our principle. God has mercifully implanted in the breasts of all certain feelings which rebel against those sudden general changes, and there are certain fixed principles, sentiments and customs, under all governments which the veriest despot dare not infringe, lest he drive his vilest slave to seek some desperate "resolution from despair." Russia, during the short reign of Peter III, affords an illustration to the point. But since our article has extended far beyond the limits designed, we leave this with other intended remarks, possibly for the future, probably for ever.

B. C.

SONNETS.

I.

There is nothing frail, or pure, or bright,
That I love not—they lead me back
To times, when I with heart so light
Carolled along life's flowery track.
But the dark mesh soon gathered in,
Of worldly care and callous sin
Upon my soul—but even then
The gentlest things would always win
A tear. I well remember when
A mazed and reckless wanderer
Through Southern deserts, parched and wild,
When I could scoff at shapes of fear,
I knelt and wept like any child
O'er a lone flower of home found blooming there.

II.

All pleasant things, that once I knew—
The memories of childhood's ties,
A Mother's love, like holy dew,—
Fell fresh around my heart—those eyes
Of other days—all eloquent
With love so grustingly were bent,
Calm with reproach, on my scarred soul,
Asking of sacred teachings lent,
To keep its spring-time purely whole,
They called up that sweet imaged train,
To the spell of the lonely desert flower!
They come—the hallowed throng, again,
To the spell of a pure eyed woman's power.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

WHY is it that something of a mournful feeling steals over the heart whenever we contemplate the last of any series of existences? Even when the last of material things are considered, though linked with no peculiar associations, we are wont to put it from our thoughts with a reflection tinged with soberness. We have even heard homely maxims, or sayings, originating in this universal feeling. The last day of the year is everywhere distinguished by peculiar customs, while it brings sad musings to every mind. And even the last hour of the day, the midnight toll, has been consecrated by poets as the solemn time when the dead rise from their graves and

spectres begin to walk the earth and revisit the scenes of life. The last look of the beloved—how is it remembered! How we love to linger and muse over the last time we looked upon the home of our young days! And how well we can enter into the spirit of the poet when he speaks of

“A rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To tell where the garden had been.”

The mind is always reluctant to permit old associations to be disturbed by new situations or new customs; and hence we often see error sanctified by its antiquity, and clung to because, if error, it was the error of our fathers. It is to this that we are frequently to ascribe local attachments, and the endurance of friendliness between individuals long accustomed to one another's society. The spirits are almost always depressed by a change of residence, even when the change is entirely for the better, and the former situation was at the time distinguished by nothing to recommend it. And the hearts of persons who have long associated together, but who were never attached by friendship, are not seldom wrung with grief at a final parting. The circumstances in which men for any length of time are placed, and the objects by which for any length of time they are surrounded, seem to enter into their habits and thoughts until, as it were, they become a part of their being. And the removal of any of them appear to shock the man in the degree of their importance. When that which we love passes away, grief is natural; but it may be doubted whether any one, not totally corrupted into a nature not human, has ever really rejoiced over the death even of an enemy. Our own transitory nature seems ever to sympathise with a change in any case from that which is to that which is not—to contemplate with sadness that which was, when it has ceased to be. And, growing sensitive to impressions of this nature, the mind appears to carry the disposition to be thus impressed to the contemplation of circumstances of the kind which are in themselves of no importance. But perhaps the termination of no series of existences in which we ourselves are not immediately interested, conveys a more pleasingly mournful sensation to the soul, than that of a long line of heroes, or ancient family of noble lineage and historic renown. For example, none perhaps have ever read of the “last of the Stuarts” without a melancholy interest.

If the last of a distinguished race be himself a hero, but fallen in his fortunes—wrecked in all but

“A high-born heart and martial pride;”

all the sympathies and finer feelings of our nature cling around him, and invest him with a romantic and poetic interest. We look upon him with a feeling akin to that with which we would contemplate a noble and majestic statue; the last extant specimen of a great master, standing boldly out in the midst of ruin, and itself about to drop from its pedestal and mingle with the desolation around it. History affords no finer instance of this kind than old Stefano Colonna—a name little known to those unversed in the history of the middle ages, but still a bold and prominent figure amidst the darkness and turbulence of his times and country. He was one of those haughty but chivalrous old nobles against whom Rienzi declaimed to the populace of Rome. He and his family were expelled in the first outburst of the popular frenzy, which the advocate of “the good estate” excited; he led the subsequent unsuccessful attack upon the city; of the few who forced a desperate entrance through the gates, and were torn to pieces by the mob within, two were of his family: sons and nephews, all the remnants of his race perished in the fatal attack, or shortly afterwards; and he stood alone, the sole representative of a noble line that extended far back into the times of the Cesars. It is said that when the old man heard of the catastrophe which had befallen his race, he turned his horse slowly away from the walls of the Eternal City, the single tear which coursed down his aged cheek giving evidence of the inward pang. He retired to the old feudal castle, the stronghold of his ancestors, from which the brave old knight still issued, when most unexpected, to do battle, with the romantic chivalry of his younger years, for the rights of his heritage and of his order. Often when the storm of battle was raging with a fury such as only his times have ever known, a small band of horsemen would suddenly rush upon the scene of conflict, and soon the bare head and gray hairs of their chieftain might be distinguished in the foremost ranks, himself mingling in the fiercest of the fight, and by the terrible might of his single sword deciding the result of the combat. But, after the event, neither he nor his fol-

lowers joined the victorious party, nor united their shouts with the triumphant exultations of the conquerors; but filed slowly off to their stronghold, to await in patience another opportunity to avenge the disasters of his house. To the end, he continued with equally indomitable perseverance to repel the aggressions of the Tribune, and resist the encroachments of the Pope. When Rienzi fell, he returned once more to his deserted palace in the once "mistress of the world," where, for centuries, his house had ruled with a haughty, yet magnanimous, sway. But he was now alone in the world; the last, tottering pillar of a noble and ancient pile. The deserted halls of his ancestors echoed with a hollow sound to his faltering footsteps; he went about as one in quest of something that was not! Mourning over the glory of other days, he sank gradually and calmly into the grave, with a sigh for the expiring honours of a line, which there was none left behind him to renew.

"Proud was his tone, but calm; his age
Had that compelling dignity,
His mien that bearing haught and high
Which common spirits fear."

CODRUS.

LITERARY NOTICE.

POEMS OF PASSION. By N. P. WILLIS.

THESE poems are published in an extra *Mirror*, the second of a series intended to embrace the poetical writings of the author, classed according to the analogy of the subjects treated. The first and longer of the *Poems of Passion* are very properly placed under that head; but some of the shorter pieces are of a rather doubtful description, and we think might with more propriety be denominated *miscellaneous* or *fugitive*. It is not our intention to notice each of the poems, or to point out at length the general characteristics of Mr. Willis's poetry. We will however refer our readers to "the Alchymist" and "the scholar of Thebet Ben Khoran," as very vivid illustrations of high-wrought enthusiasm; and to "Parrhasius" and "the wife's appeal," as lively delineations of extravagant ambition in the one case, and of womanly pride and affection, and the *poetic ill* of fame, in the other. Indeed, we think the author really excels in passionate narrative—much more, certainly, than in abstract moralizing. His expressions, whenever he attempts the latter, appear to us to become for the most part vague and obscure; though even here we not unfrequently meet with happy thoughts and images; and the leading idea is always distinct. In support of our opinion, we would refer

to the concluding lines of "Parrhasius" and "the wife's appeal." The author's *forte*, as we have already intimated, is in narration and description. The greater part of his poetry is of this kind. The incidents are almost always happily chosen and strikingly presented, the imagery appropriate, and the whole indicative of considerable invention. The Poems of Passion, if we may judge from the author's own words, are probably his most successful efforts. He tells us, that they comprise "the five or six poems which he himself prefers to remember as his own—which he knows to be unsuggestedly born within him:" that he has been accused of writing frivolously, but that "these poems are from the *under-current* of his 'frivolity.'" We do not consider Mr. Willis the first of American poets; but a high rank among them are compelled to assign him. And whatever may be the difference of opinion with respect to the particular merits of these Poems of Passion, it cannot be doubted that they are highly worthy of the approbation of the public.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE time is come, kind reader, when we must say to you the parting word. The connexion of the present Committee with the Monthly; ceases with the issuing of this number. In abdicating the editorial chair, we extend a cordial welcome to our successors; and reluctantly take leave of those who have assisted in our efforts to promote the prosperity of our charge, or greeted the results of our exertions with kindly feelings. If any have had reason to charge us with being too "fierce inquisitors of wit," let them refer it to our earnest desire to discharge properly the duties of our commission. Or, if not satisfied with this, our only resource is to answer them in the lines of the poet—

"Who shall dispute what the reviewers say?

Their word's sufficient, and to ask a reason,

In such a state as their's, is downright treason."

Our reign, though short, has not been without its moments of pleasure, as it has not been entirely free from brief periods of toil, and perhaps of occasional anxiety. But it must be confessed, that the pleasing moments have been the most frequent and the longest. Our human nature has even contributed to our enjoyment while giving grievous evidence of its fall—at times when, seated on our tribunal and surrounded by humble suppliants for our favourable notice, we have experienced an inward joy—a secret gratification—an unconfessed rejoicing—from the consciousness of our newborn, though ephemeral importance. If under the influence of an imaginary enlargement of our natural proportions, we have at any time spoken "as one having authority," it is to be remembered that we were like "Job Pippins—the man who *could not help it*." For the sin which overthrew the angels is ours by inheritance. The Arch-enemy, throned amid the thronging spirits in the "Plutonian hall," no doubt paused in the utterance of the tidings of his great victory, to contemplate with complacency his "bad eminence."

In opposition to the pleasure which we have described, the editor must frequently lay aside his official dignity, as a preliminary to wearisome excursions into details incompatible with it. At times, moreover, it becomes necessary for him to travel over literary

"Sands and shores and desert wildernesses,"—

to grope, like Ugolino, among skeleton offspring; but, unlike Ugolino, among skeleton offspring not necessarily his own;—among a fleshless progeny of the brain that were born already ghosts! Amid this spectral company, he will sometimes meet with shapes that amuse him by their singularity, or delight him by their very hideousness. It will occasionally be his privilege to weep over the laughter of some, and to laugh over the weeping of others. But a higher gratification will arise from the appreciation of what is really beautiful or good; and a higher still in making it known.

We have said thus much with respect to the pleasures and pains of editors, for the purpose of introducing our successors to the peculiarities of their new situation; which in courtesy was incumbent upon us. A few words in conclusion to the friends of the Monthly will close our table.

In the intervals of the intermittent existence of a periodical publication, it is liable to be forgotten, even by those interested in its welfare, but not immediately connected with it. The friends of the Monthly should bear in mind, that, generally speaking, its support must come from *abroad*. Both for their own individual good, and for the sake of the prosperity of the common cause, they should cheerfully, and *in season*, contribute to it the productions of their pens. If its monthly demands should be *once* uncomplained with, it is scarcely possible that it could survive the blow. But if its friends desert the cause, this must necessarily happen, or the burden of keeping it above the waters be ungenerously devolved upon those standing at the helm. The going down of the Monthly is something that our own interest and our own honour forbid us to anticipate. In some institutions literary experiments of the kind have failed; in others they have stood and are standing the test of years. With which shall ours be numbered? The Monthly has completed its second volume; contrary to the predictions of its enemies, and perhaps beyond the anticipations of its friends, it has safely weathered every gale, and, as far as we can see, yet exhibits no indication of decay. We owe it to ourselves—and those who come after us will owe it to themselves—not to become liable, by deserting it, to the charge of inferiority in intellect or in attainments to those who have gone before.

And now, kind reader,—if you have borne with us thus far,—we wish you and the Monthly long life and prosperity, and bid both you and it—farewell!

The editors gratefully acknowledge the reception of a beautiful Christmas present from Mr. Thompson, the binder, in the shape of the first and second volumes of the Monthly, handsomely done up in his best style, in gilt and morocco.